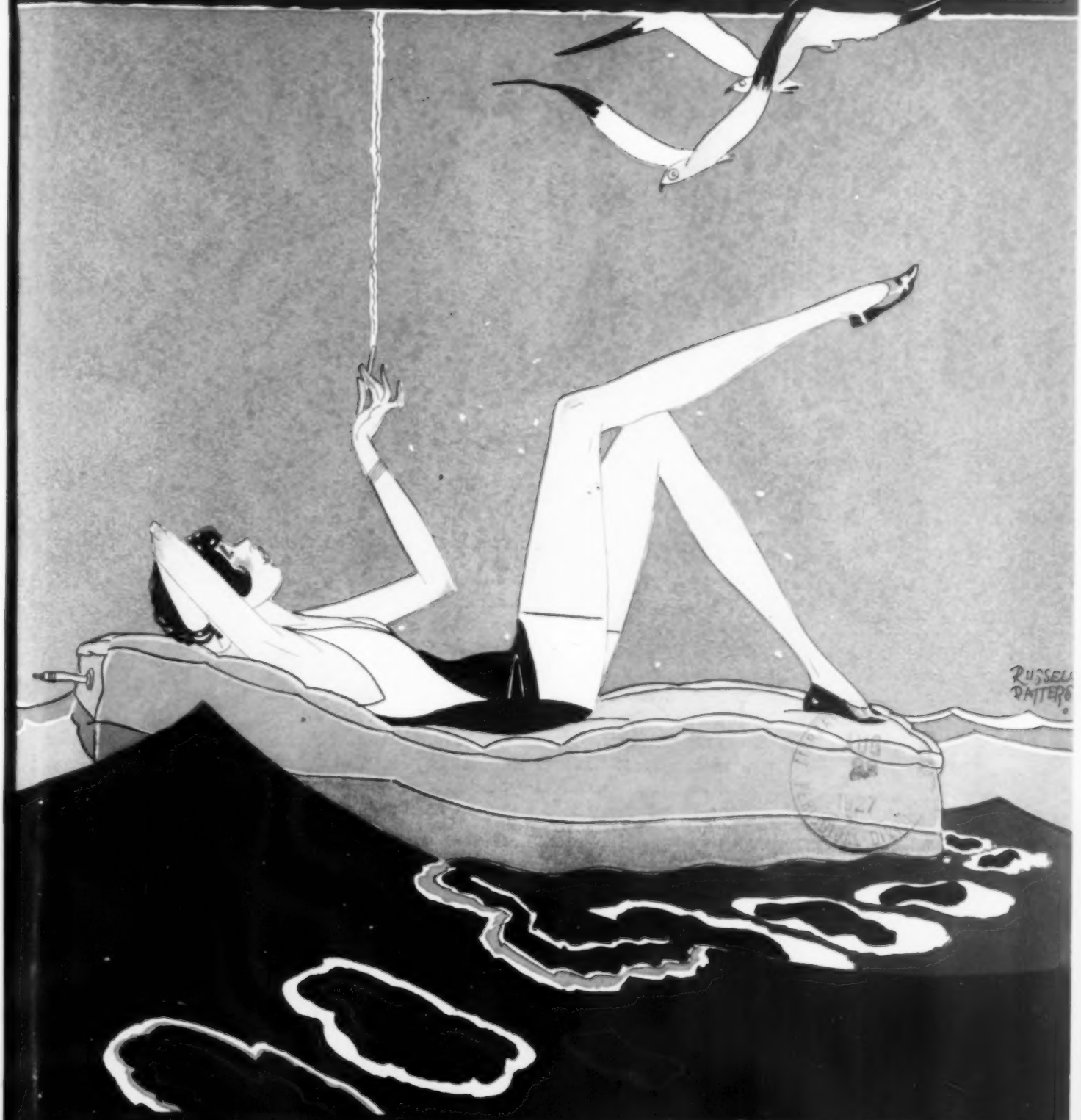
Life

Tourists' Number

August 18 1927
Price 15 cents



"My Bonnie lies over the ocean!"

N

Identify the Lifetime pen by this white dot

For the home there is no other writing instrument like this

Especially for the home desk these tapering fountain-pens, with their beautiful receptacles, have brought a new beauty, a new economy and a new order. No more dried up inkwells and stubborn pens. The desk fountain-pen is ever ready for instant service no matter how seldom used. And it is always found in its place. Unconditionally guaranteed for a lifetime, it *costs more* and is *worth more.* No repair charges. The Lifetime° pen spends most time in the writing hand and least in the repair shop. Clear your desk of obsolete writing tools and enjoy this new-day writing equipment.

Lifetime Desk Fountain-pen Sets for home and office, $10 to $100. Others as low as $5

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At better stores everywhere

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DONALD DENTON

WHEN daughter insists on having that car of her own you can keep the operating and maintenance expense down to a minimum by making sure that it is equipped with Timken Bearings.

Look for Timken Tapered Roller Bearings in the front wheels, rear wheels, transmission, differential, pinion, steering pivots and fan.

The exclusive Timken combination of Timken-made electric steel, Timken *POSITIVELY ALIGNED ROLLS*, and Timken tapered design assures you of the safety, endurance, and *economy* that you want.

The Timken Roller Bearing Co., Canton, Ohio

TIMKEN *Tapered Roller* **BEARINGS**

"It's a wonder some of the insurance companies don't issue a policy against blowouts."

"What's the use, when you can buy Kelly-Springfield tires?"

Even So

OH, women are creatures both wild and strange!
From night till morning they drink and pet,
From morning till night they scatter the change
Which the suffering men work hard to get;
With little reserve and with less regret
They plunder the stores of the helpless male,
And leaving their houses all upset,
They rush at dawn to a bargain sale.

Oh, man is an animal sad and dumb;
He seldom reads, and he never thinks,
He works all week till the Sundays come,
And then walks round all day on the links.
He sometimes eats, and he always drinks;
He is always blamed for the family ills,
And promptly the first of the month, he sinks
'Neath the awful weight of the family bills.

Doubtful, you say? But not at all;
Falsehood has never stained these lips!
I tell you the facts, as I recall,
Just as they are in the comic strips.

Dorothy R. Kissling.

Hints to Aspirants for the Title of Miss America

1. BEFORE entering a bathing-beauty contest, be sure to select an appropriate name for yourself. Never under any circumstances be known as Miss Bull Run, Miss Creosota, or Miss Hell's Bells. Euphonious names, of which there is an infinite number, are to be preferred. A few suggestions follow:

Miss Kissimmee
Miss Fond du Lac
Miss Sugar Loaf Mountain
Miss Great Bear Lake

2. Costumes, however insignificant, play an important part, for it is wise to cater to the tastes of the contest judges, invariably men who prefer simplicity to ostentation. Play safe and make your bathing costume simple—the simpler the better.

3. It is not necessary to know how to swim.

Bill Sykes.

SHE: Is there such a thing as murder in the third degree?

HE: Yes; that's what the police get away with.

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AUG16'21

Life

In Arctic Circles

Eskimo Papa: GREAT SCOTT, MABEL—IS THAT SHEIK GONNA STAY ALL NIGHT? HE'S BEEN HERE TWO MONTHS ALREADY!

Mountains *versus* Seashore

THE celebrated case of Mountains *vs.* Seashore, which has attracted nationwide interest in the past month or so, was finally decided late last evening in favor of Mrs. Vergil P. Fosdick, who took the affirmative: "Certainly we shall go to the Mountains!"

Mr. Fosdick, the defendant, asked for a change of venue (preferably to Atlantic City), but the motion was quashed and so was Mr. Fosdick. It was one of the most spectacular quashes of recent years, Mr. Fosdick taking the floor at 11:32 P. M. and being unable to rise to a point of order until fifteen minutes later.

Mrs. Fosdick, in summing up the case for the Mountains, made the following points:

1. The Seashore was always damp and muggy in August.

2. The doctor told her she needed altitude for her health.

3. She was going to the Mountains anyway, whether Mr. Fosdick cared to come or not.

She called in several witnesses, one of whom was Georgie Fosdick (aged six), who stated that on or about August 14, 1925, he had gone out without his rubbers on and had caught a severe cold in the head, leading to great physical and mental anguish. This was at Asbury Park, N. J. Mrs. Fosdick also intimated that her husband had been guilty of misconduct with an unnamed young lady on the beach, whose toes he was discovered counting while both were sitting under a parasol on the sand.

When asked how many toes he had counted, Mr. Fosdick replied that he could not remember exactly, but that he had got to "This little pig had roast beef" before Mrs. Fosdick interrupted him.

The case was given to the jury at six o'clock in the evening, and one of the members (Mr. Vergil P. Fosdick) remained out for five and a half hours. It was when he returned to the jury-box that he was quashed by Mrs. Fosdick. A vote was taken, which resulted in a tie: Mountains 1, Seashore 1. Another vote was immediately taken, and this time the deadlock was broken, and the final count was Mountains 2, Seashore 0.

There was some talk of throwing out the whole case, as the jury was said to have been packed. Mr. Fosdick, in fact, was the man who did the packing—and a terrific job it was, too, for he was allowed only one suitcase to hold all his stuff. Imagine!

Mr. and Mrs. Fosdick leave for the White Mountains Friday.

Norman R. Jaffray.

Tourist: I WANT ACCOMMODATIONS FOR A TRIP AROUND THE WORLD.
Clerk: YES, SIR. ONE WAY?

Unlimited Field

"I HEAR your son is a marvelous success in business."

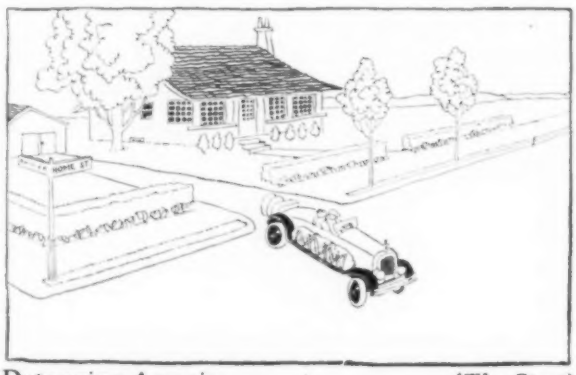
"Yes, indeed! He manufactures 'No Parking' signs for growing cities."

French Peasant: I'LL HANG OUT THE LANTERN, MARIE, AND YOU BE SURE TO KEEP THE COFFEE HOT. YOU NEVER CAN TELL WHEN SOME OF THOSE AMERICAN AVIATORS MAY DROP IN ON US.

Paradise: According to the Travel Ads

IT is at the top of the world, far from the humdrum of home and business and a year-round Mecca for holiday guests, a National Park and summer playground ideally located over two thousand feet above sea level, swept by ocean breezes, guarded by Nature's grim grenadiers and invisible courier service anticipating every whim, and equipped with up-to-date conveniences and all the glamour of tradition, the soft cadences of foreign tongues, that gay cosmopolitan air, a thrilling panorama of romantic old-world towns and direct rail connections to all points of interest with sunshine three hundred and sixty days a year, modern dude ranches, luxurious lounges, colorful bazaars, fine motor drives and the élite of the world gathered nightly wooing the goddess of chance in the casino and enjoying land and water polo, saddle horses, local guides, bungalow camps, deck games, surf-riding and a wonder trip that preserves all the atmosphere of the refined home with giant redwoods, one-class cabins, a surpassing excellence of cuisine, the lure of an ancient civilization, and the last word in smart resort hotels, as well as eternal snows and picturesque bubbling springs of great medicinal value under experienced managership and reached by the longest gangplank in the world where you sleep under blankets every night on a vacation you'll never forget for which the reservations are now being made, and for complete information and special collegiate third-class rates apply to any ticket or tourist agency or send for the illustrated booklet, "See Heaven First." *W. W. Scott.*

AT that, it could be worse. Suppose all the Ford owners should commence apologizing.



Detouring America *(The Start)*

Cinema News Note (1947)

"A DISTINCT innovation in motion picture theatres was promised by F. L. ('Loewthafel') Loewthafel, noted film magnate, in a statement to reporters early to-day.

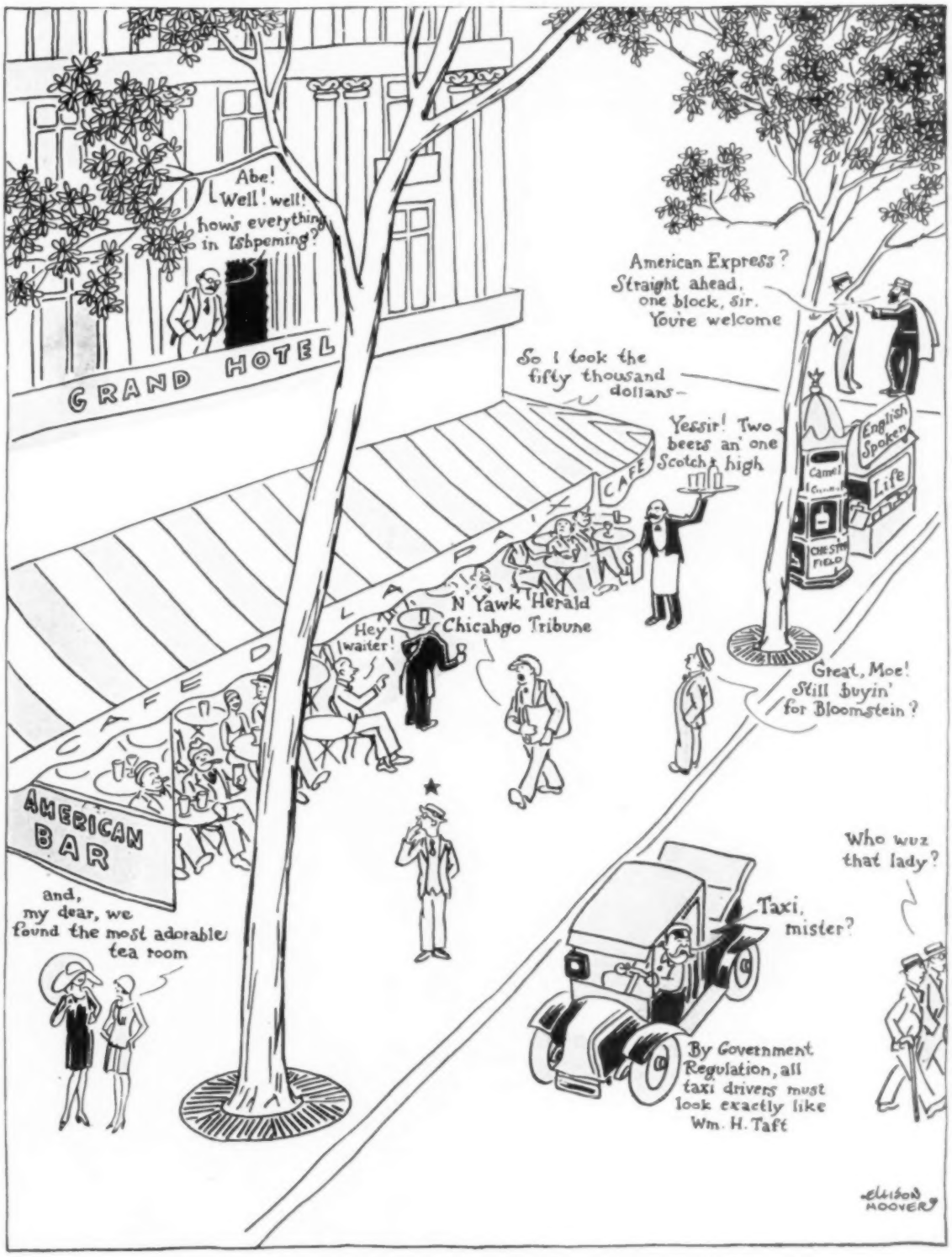
"'My next theatre will be called the Miniature, in honor of my little daughter Minnie,' Mr. Loewthafel announced. 'It will be the intimate type, covering only one city block, with a seating capacity of only thirteen thousand. I believe that what the motion picture public wants these days is simplicity.'" *Tup.*

Marital Championships

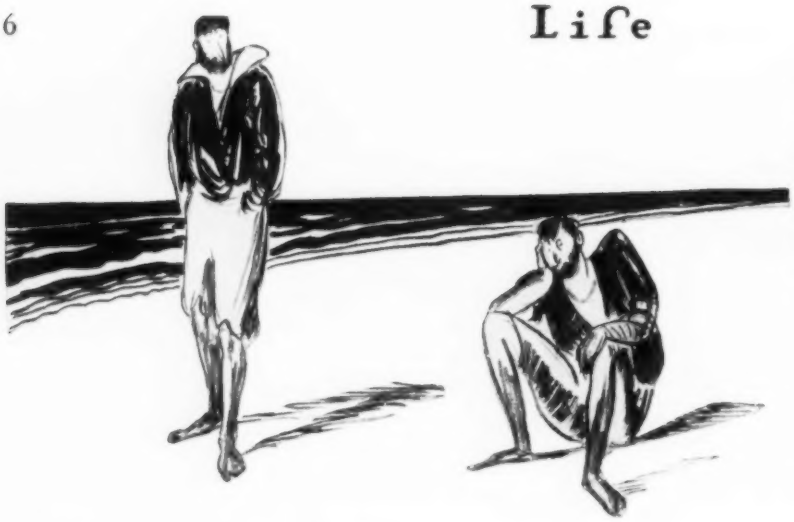
WE have developed champion tennis players, champion aviators, champion golfers, and a variety of other champions. If some genius could only inject the spirit of nation-wide competition into the thing, we could undoubtedly develop champion husbands and wives. At that, it would be risky, for the winners would probably turn professional.

SHE: I'll be a sister to you.

HE: All right, sis, lend me a quarter.



The Man Who Mastered French in Ten Years at Fifteen Minutes a Day
Visits Paris



"AW—FER PETE'S SAKE, CHEER UP, BILL; AT LEAST THERE AIN'T NO DAMN TOURISTS HERE."

Old Masters, Me Foot!

OH, sure, we took in the art galleries. All of them. Must be thousands. Clara insisted on it. Clara's great for culture. Well, I guess culture's all right. It's like everything else foreign, good enough so long as you keep it in its place.

Can't say much for the Old Masters, though. (They're the artist fellows who were supposed to be the cat's a few hundred years ago.) Percy Crosby or John Held or Gluyas Williams could draw rings around them.

He: AND DID YOU MEET ANYBODY FROM HOME ON YOUR TRIP TO EUROPE?
She: NO—ALTHOUGH I DID HAVE A COUPLE OF CLOSE CALLS.

No *point* to their pictures, if you get what I mean. Take this guy Rembrandt. Well, he was cuckoo about painting some bird's head and calling it "Portrait of a Man." Why, shucks, any idiot could tell it was a man! Only I suppose these foreigners were so dumb they'd have thought it was a goldfish or a bowl of wax peaches if he hadn't labeled it. "Portrait of a Man"!

That's the way with Rembrandt and all the rest. If they'd come right out and said "Portrait of Enos G. Luke, sixty-two, of No. 124 South Maple Avenue," you could work up some interest in it. But "Portrait of a Man"! That's so much good paint and canvas gone clean to waste.

Then there was a fellow named Corot who'd paint a cow or two in a field and call it "Rural Scene." Suppose he was afraid we'd mistake it for a bird's-eye view of the Ford plant. And I notice hardly a one of them signed his stuff. Can you imagine Bud Fisher leaving his name off a strip? You can *not!* Those old bozos may have been long on culture, but, believe me, they didn't have any business sense.

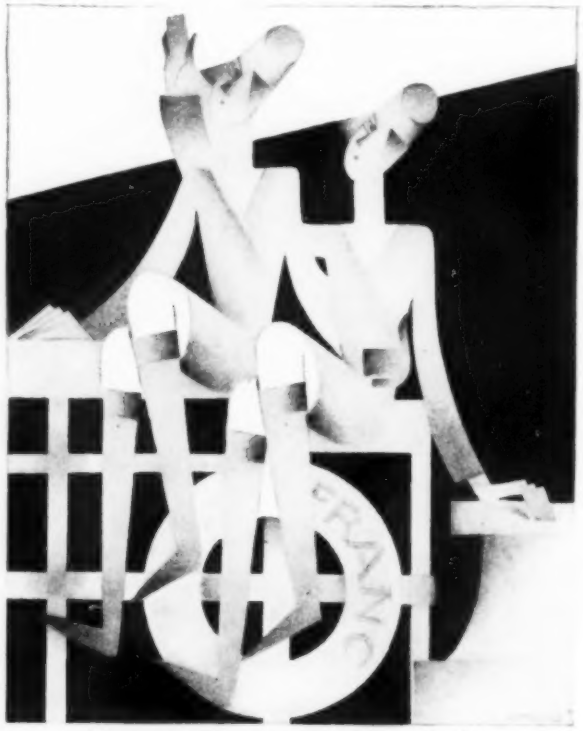
Say, speaking of culture, I want to show you some postcards I picked up in Paris. Close the door and come over here.... *Tip Bliss.*

Inside Information

OH, let her go! What do I care?
(Moonlight was pretty on her hair.)
She's not the only girl in sight.
(Her eyes would sparkle in the light.)
I never liked her very much.
(Her cheek was smooth and soft to touch.)
I won't drink deep from sorrow's cup!
(I guess I'll go and call her up.)

Fred B. Mann.

THE mother-in-law should be careful not to go too far, unless she stays there.



"WHERE ARE YOU GOING IN EUROPE?"
"TO BADEN-BADEN."
"IT'S ALL RIGHT, DEARIE—I HEARD YOU THE FIRST TIME."

Hot-Dog Stand Conversation

SCENE: *A hot-dog stand at a bathing-beach. The* FELLOW *with his assistant is waiting upon the* CROWD, *from which emerges a large woman who leans heavily upon the counter.*

THE FELLOW: Something?

THE LARGE WOMAN: What kinda ice cream yuh got?

THE FELLOW: Just vanilla.

THE LARGE WOMAN: What? No choclut?

THE FELLOW: Just vanilla.

THE LARGE WOMAN: No razzbury?

THE FELLOW: No, just vanilla.

THE LARGE WOMAN: No peach?

THE FELLOW: Just vanilla.

THE LARGE WOMAN: No walnut?

THE FELLOW: Just vanilla.

THE LARGE WOMAN: No strawbury?

THE FELLOW: Just vanilla.

THE LARGE WOMAN: No maple?

THE FELLOW: Just vanilla.

THE LARGE WOMAN: Why! What have you got?

THE FELLOW: Just vanilla.

THE LARGE WOMAN: Just vanilla?

THE FELLOW: Just vanilla.

THE LARGE WOMAN: Oh, I see. ...Well, gimme eight cones.

THE FELLOW: Yes, ma'am.

THE LARGE WOMAN: No, wait. You'd better make that seven—ah—just a minute. (*She calls over to a sedan parked at the side of the road.*) Minnie, d'yuh want just vanilla ice cream cones because that's all they got or what do you want?

THE WOMAN IN THE SEDAN (*shouting simultaneously*): Whadja say? I can't hear yuh. Talk louder.

THE LARGE WOMAN: I said, do you want any more—

THE WOMAN IN THE SEDAN: Huh? Whazzat? (*To the little girl beside her.*) Gwendolyn, for mercy sakes, keep still!

THE LARGE WOMAN (*bellowing*): I said they haven't got no maple or peach or—

THE WOMAN IN THE SEDAN: I can't hear a word you're sayin'. (*To Gwendolyn.*) Dearie, run out and see what she wants, won't you?

GWENDOLYN: I don't want to.

THE WOMAN IN THE SEDAN: You do as I say!

GWENDOLYN: I won't!

THE WOMAN IN THE SEDAN: All right, you just wait till I tell your father. (*She climbs out and comes over.*) What did you say, Felicia?

THE LARGE WOMAN: I said they ain't got only vanilla ice cream and do you want any other kind?

THE WOMAN FROM THE SEDAN: Why, Felicia, we didn't say ice cream; we said get pop.

THE LARGE WOMAN: Why, Minnie, I know you said get ice cream.

MINNIE: But I tell you, Felicia, we said pop.

FELICIA: Oh, I know you said—

THE FELLOW: Would you like some pop?

FELICIA: What kind have yuh?

THE FELLOW: Orange, lemon, peach, cherry, grape, loganberry, root-beer, near-beer, birch-beer, sarsaparilla, ginger-ale and Coca Cola.

FELICIA: Oh, my! Will yuh say that again?

THE FELLOW: Orange, lemon, peach, cherry—

FELICIA: Oh, gimme eight bottles of orange.

THE FELLOW: Yes, ma'am. (*He takes the bottles from a box of tepid water and removes the caps.*)

MINNIE: Say, change that to seven orange and one lemon.

FELICIA: I guess you'd better make that six orange and two lemon.

GWENDOLYN (*running up to the stand*): I want root-beer.

MINNIE: All right, give us a root-beer instead of an orange.

GWENDOLYN: Mrs. Hart don't like orange. She always gets grape. And Mrs. Park says if you're getting pop she wants loganberry.

FELICIA: All right, change two of them oranges to a loganbury and a grape.

MINNIE: And you'd better change one lemon to a birch-beer.

FELICIA: I think Grandma likes cherry better so give me a cherry instead of the other kind.

THE FELLOW: But the caps are all off the orange bottles now.

MINNIE: Well, how much is it a bottle?

THE FELLOW: Ten cents.

MINNIE: *What!* Ten *cents?*

FELICIA: For that stuff?

MINNIE: In them size bottles?

FELICIA: Can you beat that?

MINNIE: Say, up at the crossroads they sell this for a nickel.

FELICIA: You're robbers. C'mon, Minnie, they can keep their old pop.

MINNIE: I should say so. (*They retire with Gwendolyn to the sedan.*)

THE CROWD (*surrounding the stand*): How about a little service? ...Two hot dogs....Are they fresh?...What kinda ice cream yuh got?...Hey, I'm next....How about a little speed there, brother?

CURTAIN.

Paul Showers.

PARIS GREEN

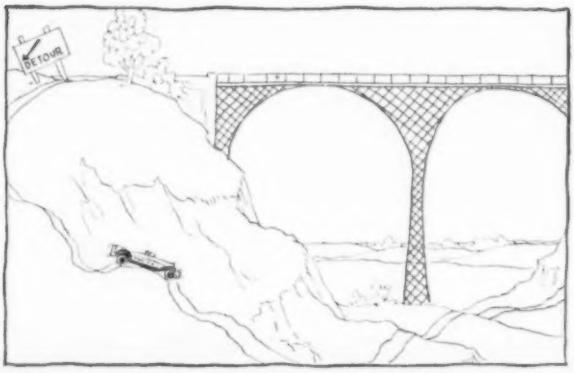
Engaged Ferdie Speaks

"WHY, Ella, you know that isn't right. I remember it perfectly. Don't you know it happened five installments ago? Yes, sir, just five installments after I kissed your ring upon your finger, Laura told us that she and Al were six installments along on their new furniture. And now they are going to be divorced with only ten more installments to meet. Well, as I said, they had their first quarrel just six installments after our engagement. I remember it perfectly because it was the exact day of the third installment on my car, the fifth installment on my radio and the ninth installment on my dog!" *K. M.*

Sounds Unpleasant

"DO you know anything about Polynesia?"

"Not a thing, but I'm sure Listerine will cure it."



Detouring America (*Detour to page* 11)

The Other End of Week's End

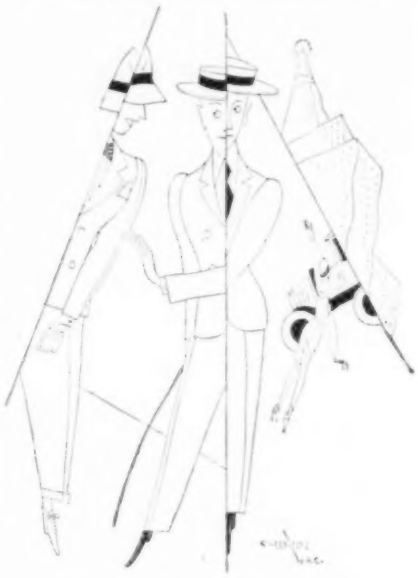
(*With Love and Kisses to Dorothy Parker*)

I THINK I'll ask Dorothy Parker to come down here for the week-end. She'll hate it, but she'll pretend to like it. It's the place she once told me she loved. Not in answer to a question. In answer to a question she'd say yes. Says she can't say no. Maybe it's her hostesses who can't say no. "Please, would you ask me to dinner some time? Please, would you ask me up some Sunday? Please, may I come some week-end? It's the one place I'd love to go to." Why don't her hostesses say no, just once? Dorothy isn't exactly a yesser. She's an agreer, especially if it's about something you don't like. Hell with both *liking* the same thing. Old stuff. The loathe in common, that's her line.

"DEAR DOROTHY: All right, then. Come any time from now on and stay as long as you like. Ten minutes or all summer. Love.

"AGNES."

That ought to make her feel I really want her to come. But suppose it should rain one—one would be enough—day she was here. She'd talk about it in New York all winter. She'd say, "That woman forced me up to her hermitage on an island and I couldn't get away for six weeks. Six weeks? Sweet whatnot! Six years! And what a woman to spend six weeks on a desert island with! Desert hell! Desert would be velvet. Six weeks of rain. Dat ole debbil rain. I wanted to go swimming, but they said it was too cold. My God, what's the worst that could have happened? Froze. Just blessed rigor mortis and the narrow house would have looked like a house and lot. That's an idea for a poem—the narrow house and lot. Not so hot. And—"



That Three-Mile Limit

One: SO YOU'RE BACK FROM FRANCE. DID THE CUSTOMS OFFICERS HOLD YOU UP WHEN YOU CAME IN?

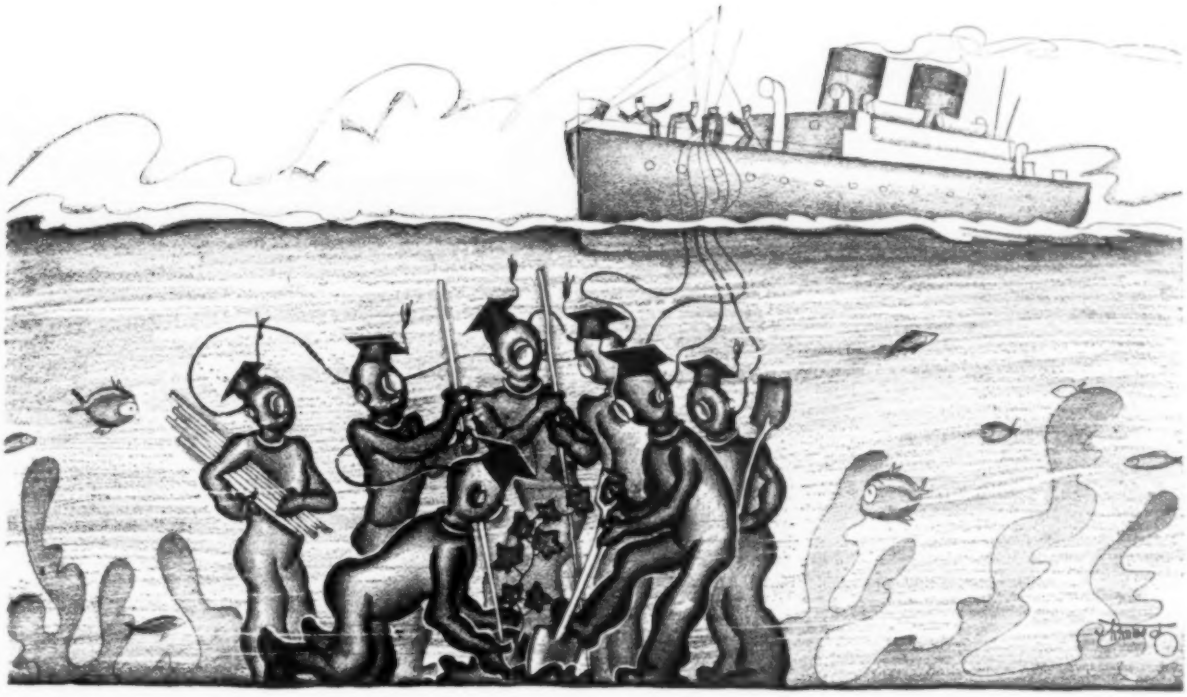
The Other: HOLD ME UP? SAY, THEY HAD TO CARRY ME!

That's what Dorothy would do. Well, it is lonesome up here, but I guess I'll tear up that invitation to Dorothy. Then she'll say I had a place with lots of room and didn't invite her. And that'll be the God's truth. *Franklin P. Adams.*

Sufficient

"WHAT is your objection to prizefighting?"

"The woman who giggles and says she lost two dollars."



Ivy Day on the Floating University

How to Take a European Trip Without Undue Expense

DISGUISE yourself as a Red and get deported to Russia; then disguise yourself as some other color and get deported back.

When in Rome do as the Scotch.

Don't tip taxi drivers or waiters. Apply it on the International Debt.

Fly across the ocean and see the Continent from the shoulders of admirers.

Don't waste your good money on the Folies-Bergère; a stroll on the Boulevards will do as well.

Reverse the charges on all transatlantic phone calls to friends back home.

Miss the boat.

Fearful and Wonderful

MRS. GRUNDY: I have a wonderful constitution.

SOLOMON: It isn't in it with your by-laws.

Strictly Scientific

THE Smithsonian Institution's Dr. Charles G. Abbot, whose specialty is measuring the heat of stars, once used an instrument so fine that, given a flat Earth and an atmosphere absolutely transparent, he could have set it up in California and measured the heat of a match struck on the Mississippi River. This radiometer proved inadequate, it seems, and Dr. Abbot now uses an improved type that has exactly ten times more sensitivity. In other words, with the new instrument, under proper conditions, Dr. Abbot can measure in California the warmth of a match struck fifteen thousand miles away. This certainly seems a pretty large step towards the development of a radiometer that will measure in Washington the warmth of a Presidential handshake administered in Washington.

Tup.

Samson: JUST THINK, 'LILAH! IF YOU HADN'T BEEN SO CARELESS WITH YOUR SCISSORS, I COULD OPEN OUR COMPARTMENT WINDOW.

Delilah: DON'T KID YOURSELF, SAM—YOU WERE NEVER THAT STRONG!

Mass Production

FIRST ADVERTISING COPYWRITER: There! This new 1929 model automobile ad. is about finished.

SECOND ADVERTISING COPYWRITER: What make of car is it for?

FIRST COPYWRITER: How should I know?

An Enterprising Company Makes a Fortune With a Travel-at-Home Park

"MADAME, HERE IS A BON VOYAGE GIFT FOR YOU THAT WE HAVE OVERLOOKED."

"A Girl Is Terribly Foolish to Pet"

SHE: I think a girl is terribly foolish to pet, don't you really think she is?

HE: Yeah—I guess that's right.

SHE: Because girls who pet just make themselves cheap, don't you really think they do?

HE: Sure—you bet.

SHE: Because I don't think any man can have any respect for a girl if she lets him pet her, do you think they can?

HE: No—you're right.

SHE: But I s'pose if a man really loves you it is all right to let him neck you, don't you s'pose it is?

HE: Yeah, if he loves you it's O. K.

SHE: But I think heaps of men just make a girl think they love her so she will let him pet her, don't you really think they do?

HE: Yeah, I s'pose *some* men are that way.

SHE: I mean it's terribly hard to know if a man is really sincere and all when they say they love you, don't you really think it is?

HE: I s'pose so—it depends on the man.

SHE: I s'pose it does, doesn't it? I mean I think some men are so sort of unscrupulous, sort of, don't you really think they are?

HE: Well, some of 'em.

SHE: But I actually think it is perfectly foul the way some men will tell a girl they really *love* her just so they can *neck* her, do you know what I mean?

HE: Yeah, it's a low trick, all right!

SHE: Yes, it really is, isn't it?

HE: Yeah—you bet—fellers like that give me a pain in the neck!

SHE: But I mean *how* is a girl to *tell* when a man is *really* sincere?

HE: Well, *I'm* sincere.

SHE: Are you, *really*?

HE: You bet.

SHE: Well, then, I s'pose it's all right—but I mean I honestly think a girl is terribly foolish to pet unless she knows the man is really sincere.

Lloyd Mayer.

Detouring America (*Detour to page* 13)

Choose Jonesville

Locate Your Residence in an Ideal Town

NO broadcasting station.
No realtors.
No Chamber of Commerce.
No first newspaper.
No municipal stadium.
No fund campaigns.
No tea rooms.
No little theatre.
No antique shops.
No Moorish cinema.
No leading citizens.
No traffic problem.

Home from the Honeymoon

He: WELL, SWEETHEART, HOW DID YOU LIKE PARIS?
She: OH, I *adored* IT! I CAN'T *wait* TO GET BACK THERE FOR OUR DIVORCE!

Am I Crazy?

TAKE my word for it, Los Angeles is located near New York.

Nome is quite close to New Orleans.

The distance from Duluth to Dublin is scarcely any distance at all.

Pittsburgh and Petrograd are practically adjacent cities.

Schenectady is hardly a stone's throw from Madrid.

Chicago and Shanghai are situated so close to each other that you might almost say they touch.

Am I crazy? Not at all. I am the man who originated the idea of putting two hundred and fifty rows of seats on an athletic field and calling them all "ringside."

Tupper Greenwald.

Meeting Dad

TED: So your father is to accompany you on a camping trip? When did you make friends with him?

NED: Oh, I got acquainted with him one day at a father-and-son golf tournament.

AT midnight there came a groan from the cellar. A momentary silence, then an agonized screech—and the electric refrigerator was doing its stuff.

Romany Song

IT'S ho for the woods and meadows
And the green of the Watchung hills
With the picnic nooks by the babbling brooks
And the music of pebbly rills.
It's hey for the winding highway
That the heart of a gipsy calls
And hurrah for the lure of that mean detour
Three miles from Bollinger's Falls!

Yo ho for the drone of the engine
And the drone of the humming tire
And the low clear note of the Klaxon's throat
That echoes o'er field and byre.
There's a song in the heart of a rover
And a lilt in the summer air
And a strangled cry as the tank goes dry
Ten miles from anyoldwhere!

Then holla! ye merry drivers.
Yoicks! Yoicks! brave lords of the road.
Come lad! Come lass! Come step on the gas
And away with your jolly load.
Come speed through the open country—
And the haunt of the woodland elf
While I sit here with a large cool beer
And really enjoy myself!

Baron Ireland.

How I Became a Social Wow

THEY grinned when the waiter spoke to me in Greek, but their laughter changed to astonishment at my ready reply.

"I wanna roasta bif san'wich, str-r-romberry pie, two cup skawfee," was the simple and clear statement I made without hesitation.

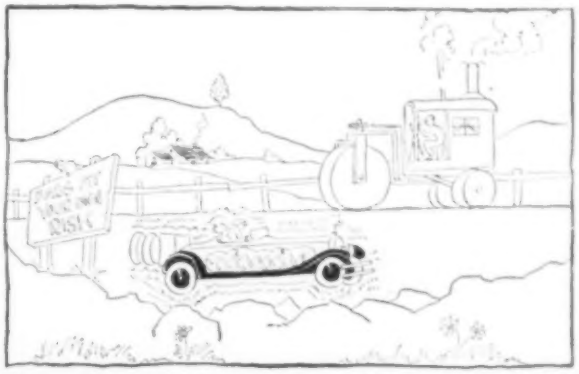
Revenge

THE VICTIM OF BACK-SEAT DRIVING TAKES HIS WIFE FOR A RIDE ON A ROLLER-COASTER.

"I ALWAYS KEEP MYSELF TO MYSELF AND IT'S ONLY THE SECOND DAY OUT, BUT I CAN TELL YOU SHE'S TWENTY, THOUGH SHE SAYS SHE'S SIXTEEN. HER FATHER'S A RETIRED WHISKY DISTILLER—POSSIBLY A BOOTLEGGER, OR SOMETHING—I KNOW VERY LITTLE ABOUT THESE THINGS—AND SHE'S MAKING EYES AT THE SECOND OFFICER, WHO HAS A WIFE AND TWO CHILDREN IN GLASGOW."

Mrs. Pep's Diary

July 27th Kept to my bed all this day because of a slight indisposition, and so did make a beginning on some of the books which I have been treasuring up to read when I did have the time, and the first was "Trilby," in an edition which I did buy at a second-hand stall with "John Duer, New York, 1894" wrote on the fly leaf, and after finishing it I could not but wish that Sam were a Svengali with a literary inhibition, who could mesmerize me into producing marvelous verse and prose. How I should relish, too, driving through the streets in an hypnotic state, for then I should give no heed soever to dodging in and out of the elevated railway's pillars, and mayhap I should be able to cross Lexington Avenue on foot without bursting into tears. But writing is one of the few occupations at which I have not heard my husband, poor wretch, assert that he would do better than at his own, his latest notion in this connection being that he would make an excellent ambassador to the Court of St. James' because of his handsome legs. At my new game of patience, too, with no success soever because of a temperamental tendency to place the high cards before it is really needful to do so, a weakness which I must attend to, just as I must look to several flaws in my character to which it is relative, for Lord! I would not be a crochety old woman for aught, and the shadows will soon begin to lengthen across my life, as I did sharply realize in New York last week when all the policemen struck me as looking young. Up at nightfall, did on my black lace chiffon, and so for dinner at the Blanks', and afterwards I did overhear some of the men talking on the (*Please turn to page* 31)



Detouring America (*Detour to page* 21)

AUGUST 18, 1927 VOL. 90. 2337

"While there is Life there's Hope"
Published by
LIFE PUBLISHING COMPANY
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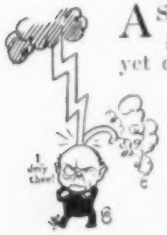


AS this number of LIFE goes to press, it is not yet determined whether the Naval Conference is a failure. So long as the conference was called, it will be rather a pity not to have it come to some agreement about navies. But its failure, if it fails, will not be a calamity but may be all for the best.

The conference has added to knowledge about the needs and dispositions of the parties to it. If their requirements and desires are too different to be reconciled, it merely leaves the nations concerned to go on as at present, restrained by a timely frugality from building anything they think they can do without. Certainly Parliament and Congress have no mind to go in for competitive naval construction.

WHEN it comes to information about the state of this world, you can get anything you want: Dr. Moens, Dutch anthropologist, predicting a war of races unless white men are more tolerant and polite; "Judge" Rutherford hooking up more radios than ever were hooked up before to denounce organized Christianity as antagonistic to the teachings of Christ and to predict hell-to-pay in the progress, now doing, of the world through chaos to ultimate peace; various persons of more or less authority pointing out that Asia is getting ready to overwhelm Europe; such writers as H. E. Wortham in the *Atlantic* (July), saying that Mohammedanism is moribund as a political influence, and that what Asia most wants nowadays is all the European civilization she can get, including the comforts of home, motor cars, airplanes, food and money. About China news is provided to suit the taste. The same about Russia. When two subsidiary companies of the Standard Oil Company antagonize another in Russian oil policies, it helps to realization that understanding of contemporary terrestrial conditions is confused.

QUEEN MARIE of Rumania is quoted one day as hoping to revisit the United States as soon as her period of mourning has ended, and the next day as about resolved to enter a nunnery and spend her remaining years in pious exercises and contemplations. She hopes to come here next time as a private person and really look around, and presumably she hopes also for privacy in the nunnery. In both cases her aspirations are likely to be defeated by her publicity bureau, which is equal in efficiency to Mr. Coolidge's, and equal also in its conscientious antipathy to silence. It will continue to secure to her her place in the public eye. If she goes into a nunnery it will see that she is preceded by a brass-band and has a radio and loud speaker in her cell, and if she comes here, she will be duly announced and followed by headlines on the front page. No real privacy is attainable for Queen Marie, any more than for Charles Lindbergh, Calvin Coolidge, Henry Ford or John D. Rockefeller.

THERE is a rumor that the Pope will send observers to the great church conference on "Faith and Order" in Lausanne. They will not be members of the conference and will not vote, but note what is going on. The United States has done something like that at times with the League of Nations, or other European councils. It has sent observers to look on and contribute, by their presence, to the purposes of the council, but not to vote. If the Pope really does send observers to Lausanne it will be considerably interesting, and will seem to imply some modification of the attitude of Rome towards the rest of Christendom.

SOMEBODY wrote to a newspaper to say how few flags were hung out in New York on the Fourth of July, and to suggest that the reason was that people had been punched up so much by professional busybodies about their flag behavior that they got tired of hanging out our national emblem.

That may be. People who try to organize patriotism are quite likely to do it harm. Patriotism, like religion, needs to come from the inside.

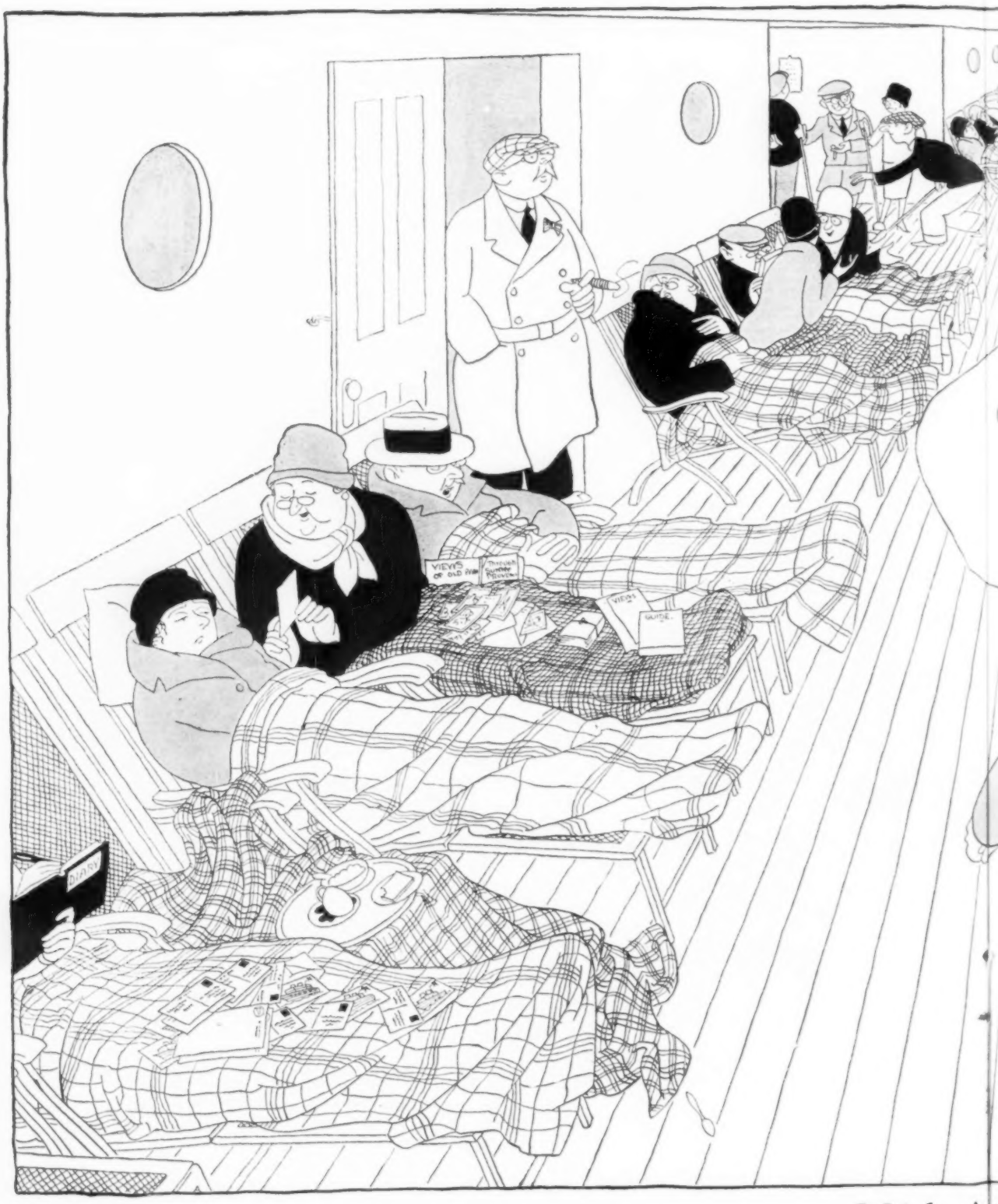
CHARLES LINDBERGH lasts remarkably well. He is an excellent performer, draws crowds for every show, and meets expectations wonderfully.

Mr. Herrick, in the introduction he has written to Charles's book, says pretty plainly that he thinks Charles is a gift of Heaven.

Maybe so. Anyhow Mr. Herrick has done a very pretty piece of writing and quite a pious one. A mystic from Ohio! Who'd 'a' tho't it!

E. S. Martin.

The Bigamist



Mid-At

d-Atlantic

Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, *readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.*

More or Less Serious

Blood Money. *Hudson*—A new melodrama by George Middleton, with Thomas Mitchell and Phyllis Povah. To be reviewed later.

The Ladder. *Cort*—This plea for better reincarnations has just been rewritten for the third time. We can't quite bring ourself to go again and see if it is any better.

The Spider. *Music Box*—No matter where you sit, you are involved in this murder mystery.

The Squall. *Forty-Eighth St.*—A relic of the old days of sex plays.

Tenth Avenue. *Eltinge*—A melodrama of the underworld, with Edna Hibbard, William Boyd and Frank Morgan. To be reviewed later.

Comedy and Things Like That

Abie's Irish Rose. *Republic*—Mentioned in this issue.

Broadway. *Broadhurst*—It looks like another season for this last season's ace.

The Road to Rome. *Playhouse*—Jane Cowl still showing that history can be made not only human but just the least bit—what shall we say?

Saturday's Children. *Booth*—A very nice little comedy about home economics, with Ruth Gordon as a young wife who figures it out for herself.

The Second Man. *Guild*—Smart conversation on an interesting topic, well spoken.

The Solitaire Man. *Biltmore*—With Joan McLean, James Dale and Effie Shannon. To be reviewed later.

Eye and Ear Entertainment

Africana. *Daly's*—Reviewed in this issue.

Allez-Oop! *Earl Carroll*—Reviewed in this issue.

The Circus Princess. *Winter Garden*—Bright lights and Viennese tunes, with comedy from "Poodles" Hanneford and George Bickel.

The Follies of 1927. *New Amsterdam*—With Eddie Cantor and a big cast. To be reviewed later.

Grand Street Follies. *Little*—Some very clever imitations and burlesques, with just enough of the amateur atmosphere to remind you of the old Neighborhood Playhouse.

Hit the Deck. *Belasco*—Good music, comical lines and Louise Groody, Charles King and Stella Mayhew.

Kiss Me. *Lyric*—Desirée Ellinger in a musical comedy which comes quite a long way from being good.

The Manhatters. *Selwyn*—A new version of the Grove Street revue, to be reviewed next week.

Merry-Go-Round. *Klaw*—Intimate revue with Marie Cahill and Don Barclay, containing approximately your money's worth of laughs.

A Night in Spain. *Forty-Fourth St.*—Phil Baker for one thing. Ted Healy for another. Both of which furnish enough comedy to overcome any defects.

Padlocks of 1927. *Shubert*—A good routine revue, distinguished by the intimate presence of Sister Texas Guinan.

Peggy-Ann. *Vanderbilt*—Still our favorite in many ways, including Helen Ford and Lulu McConnell.

Rang Tang. *Royale*—Reviewed in this issue.

Rio Rita. *Ziegfeld*—One of Mr. Ziegfeld's beautiful shows, with comedy derived from Ada May and Bert Wheeler.

Returned Traveler (describing conditions in Europe): REALLY IT WAS DISCOURAGING. WE WERE SO DISAPPOINTED IN THE HOLLANDAISE SAUCE—THE FRENCH SIMPLY CANNOT COOK LOBSTER—AND WE ACTUALLY HAD TO MOTOR ALL OVER THE CONTINENT FOR A REAL BOUILLABAISSE.

A Couple of Nature-Lovers Get Together

"GOOD MORNING. Kind of nice day. Makes a fellow feel like getting out in the open with the birds."

"You bet it does. Wish I could be looking over a flock of ducks right now."

"And me. Say, what kind of gun do you use on them?"

"Oh, I guess a twelve-gauge double-barreled is good enough. Say, that's sure a killer, all right."

"Yes, it's good. I use a sixteen-gauge automatic. That brings them down, too. What do you use, chilled shot?"

"No, sir, I use standard soft. Had the best results with that."

"Well, maybe. But the chilled shot gets through the feathers better."

"I'm not denying it. But it's the soft shot that kills them. Sort of flattens out inside. Sure does make a pretty kill."

"Perhaps you're right. I'll give it a try. But, boy, wouldn't I like to be out knocking them over today!"

"Me too. Say, I feel great. It's great to be alive."

W. W. Scott.

Oh, Dear!

OUR announcement, two weeks ago, that we had succeeded in closing "Abie's Irish Rose" on August 6th was met, on the date of its publication, by a counter-announcement from the management which rather vitiated our claim. We were quite correct in our statement that "Abie's Irish Rose" was closing. The date seems to be the only thing in question now.

Whether some one in the office where LIFE is printed played turncoat and informed the Anne Nichols management that we were appearing on August 2nd with a broadside of victory, or whether the advertisements run by that management for over a month announcing its closing on August 6th were just vicious decoys leading us into a trap, we probably never shall know. There was dirty work somewhere. Whatever the cause, it is certain that on the very day when this department declared itself victor, the management of "Abie's Irish Rose" announced that it had reconsidered its advertised decision to close on the 6th and would continue for some time longer, possibly until Labor Day. If the idea was to make this department look like a sap, a straw vote would probably indicate some degree of success.

And, as if that were not enough, the Confidential Guide for the *following* week, already printed and on its way to the Coast and China, contained an "In Memoriam" notice for "Abie's Irish Rose" which was very pat when written but hardly warranted by the facts when it appeared.

FROM now on we refuse to commit ourself about this play. It can run forever for all of us. We have lost interest in it. We will play safe and run it in the Guide not only until it has really closed but for six months thereafter, but as for wasting any more time on boosting it, we are through. It is evident that Anne Nichols and her management are not to be trusted. And the next time we make an announcement of that kind it will be in a paper which goes to press fifteen minutes before the date of issue—if at all.

As a matter of fact, we may retire from writing entirely and take up clay-modeling. This thing has pretty much broken our spirit.

THUS depressed, our comment on other current attractions can be no more than perfunctory. There are two Negro revues now running, "Africana" and "Rang Tang"—both better than most of their predecessors. "Rang Tang" is much the most elaborate production that a colored revue has ever achieved, but with this splendor goes the disadvantage of imitating Broadway, a thing which colored performers have no need to do. "Africana" makes no pretense of being anything but Negro. It boasts but one tacky back-drop, showing the customary unbelievable Mississippi steamboats giving the levee a run for its money, but it has much that "Rang Tang" has not, including Miss Ethel Waters.

Miss Waters is a remarkable performer who, without anything wonderful in the way of a voice, or acting ability, makes you feel that you are in the presence of a singing and acting artist.

The Negro revue comedy still smacks of the nursery, especially that of Messrs. Miller and Lyles in "Rang Tang." Here are two natural-born comedians who waste their heritage on jokes involving the mispronunciation of long words, and a mispronunciation, at that, which is almost entirely limited to a mechanical substitution of the syllable "re" for th correct one. With something adult to say, Miller and Lyles would be grand. Winifred and Mills, in "Africana," with their familiar Chinaman-and-gob act, seem to be the only colored comedians with material which even approximates inspiration.

The dancing in both revues, needless to say, is superhuman.

WHAT may turn out to be the opening of the new season was unveiled at the Earl Carroll Theatre a week or so ago, by name "Allez-Oop!" It will have to pull itself together and behave like a regular show if it hopes to open anything at all, much less a season, but, with the substitution of a curtain which works for the hollow mockery utilized on opening night, and the installation of a good reliable clock back-stage, the thing ought not to be difficult to whip into shape.

"Allez-Oop!" has some good ideas, which is saying a great deal for a revue. It has more good comedians than it has use for, the luckiest being Victor Moore in his burlesque Roxy act, and Charles Butterworth, who now shows himself to be what we suspected from his Rotary speech in last year's "Americana"—a very valuable comedian who might some day play a heart-breaking rôle in legitimate tragedy.

We will take a chance on saying that, by now, "Allez-Oop!" is probably worth an evening—if they all didn't get discouraged after the opening and leave town.

Robert Benchley.

LIFE'S Camps for Needy Children

"I'm Telling You!"

WE asked one of the little boys who returned from LIFE'S Camp at Pottersville last week if he had been happy there.

He said: *"I'm telling you!"*

That was all. But was another word really needed? With his shining eyes, his sturdy brown paws, his hilarious freckles, his unafraid laughter—all acting as a sort of "Yes! Yes! Chorus"—we got the entire story of his eighteen days away from the heart-breaking slums that he calls "home."

Of course, *we* know about the Camps and could fill in the chinks of that ecstatic sentence. You also must be familiar with the details by now. But—there may be *just one person* to whom the Camps are a new and glowing story of humanity, who has not yet known that through LIFE he can help to transplant some utterly needy children from their frightful surroundings, that he can strengthen their frail, tiny bodies with sun and gentle summer wind and water, that he may be the means of making happy some children who have never learned to smile.

In such a case, *"I'm telling you"* wouldn't be quite enough. So, this page is affectionately dedicated to that one reader—and may his heart be touched.

LIFE conducts two wonderful Camps for Needy Children.

The Camp for Boys is at Pottersville, New Jersey.

TRAINING FOR THAT BOUT WITH THE TENEMENTS NEXT WINTER. OUR POTTERSVILLE BANTAMS EAGERLY TAKE THEIR EXTRA RATIONS OF MILK AT ELEVEN IN THE MORNING AND AGAIN AT FOUR.

The Camp for Girls is at Branchville, Connecticut.

This great work for the pitiful little citizens of New York's slum districts has been going on for over forty years.

During that time we have had as our guests some fifty thousand children. And during all that time and among all those boys and girls—not one serious accident has occurred.

This labor of love and helpfulness started with one simple farmhouse. Now, LIFE has two of the most thoroughly equipped, scientific and modern Camps in the country.

The sanitary conditions are of the finest.

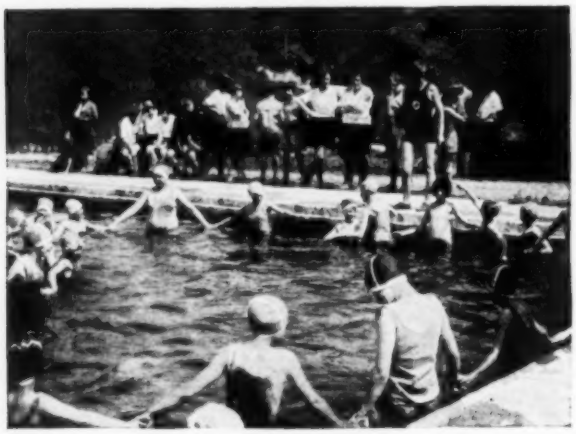
Individual physical examinations are given, and individual development is watched.

Extra rations of rich, fresh milk, and extra periods of rest are part of the system whereby we try to build up nervous little bodies.

Every meal at both the Camps is ordered and prepared with the same big aim in view. We know that these children will have to cope with careless and often tragic conditions when they return once more to their lives in the crowded tenements.

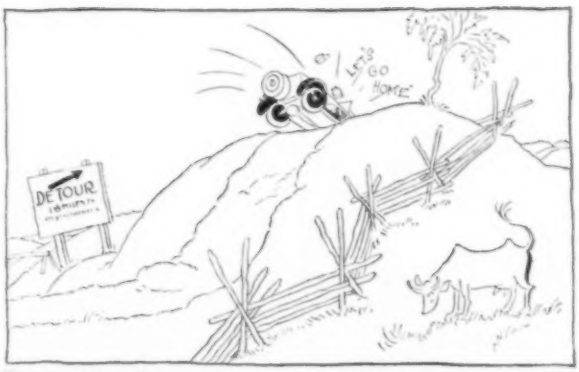
Mr. L. B. Sharp, of Columbia University, is in charge of the Camps and all Camp activities. Under him are two staffs of well-trained counsellors who become, indeed, the dear friends of these young people and

(*Continued on page* 30)



THE GIRLS TRY TO "KEEP A CIRCLE STRAIGHT" IN THE BIG NEW POOL AT BRANCHVILLE. BUT, CAN IT BE DONE?

FIELD HOCKEY IN FULL SWING AT BRANCHVILLE. SEE HOW TRIM THEY LOOK IN THEIR NICE CAMP COSTUMES!



Detouring America (*Detour to page 24*)

Local News

ARTHUR GILSON, proprietor of the Bon Ton Tonsorial Parlor, has added a metropolitan air to his establishment by acquiring the services of Miss Gladys Whitstone of Chicago as manicurist. Art says the boys needn't wait to be introduced but to just come in and give this little girl a hand.

* * *

Zed Cuffins lost his first case as a lawyer. He went out of the courtroom to read up on a point, and while he was gone the Judge convicted his client.

* * *

This week our town loomed in the eye of the world again. Radio station KLMN, St. Louis, played "Baby Face" in response to a request from Mrs. Cy Hocking of here.

* * *

The sudden downpour o' rain at the picnic yesterday caused the latter part o' the footrace to be run in record time.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. Jim Bates have returned home hot-dog tired from a three-weeks' auto trip.

Bathing Extras

"DID you find a good hotel in Plankton?" asked one salesman of another.

"Well, the food wasn't so bad—but I had to engage three rooms to get enough towels to take a bath."

In the Grand Canyon

Eastern Tourist: AFTER ALL, IT'S NOTHING BUT A MOVIE BACKGROUND.

JUST BETWEEN US GIRLS

"MY dear, I'm all-of-a-TWIT at this point because I mean I think it's SIMply FOUL the way HEAPS of girls talk about their MOthers being so obNOXious and all, do you know what I mean? Because no matter HOW poisonous your mother is to you I think you sort of OWE her some reSPECT but I mean simply HEAPS of girls I know are forEVer telling you how their MOthers don't underSTAND them and all, and I mean I honestly think a girl ought to show some LOYalty. F'r instance, no matter HOW obnoxious MOther has ever been to ME, my dear, I simply will NEVer TALK about it to anybody because I honestly think it just deGRADES you to sort of TALK about how VILE your MOther is, because I mean MOther is ALways carrying on about how irreSPONsible and CAREless I am, and how I am the WORLD'S most SELFish person—can you BEAR it? I mean she gets ALL hot and BOTHered at the LEAST little thing I DO that is any FUN because I mean she has the iDEA that I should just sort of SIT and twiddle my THUMBS. But I HONestly think that girls who are all the time TELLing you about how SIMply VILE their MOthers are to them ought to be aSHAMED of themselves, my dear — I mean I ACtually DO!"

Lloyd Mayer.

That's All

EMPLOYEE: I won't work for the salary you pay me.

EMPLOYER: You don't now.

PRIZE WINNERS

ALIBI NUMBER THIRTY-ONE

She: YOU SAID THIS ENGAGEMENT RING WAS A RARE DIAMOND—BUT IT BROKE IN PIECES WHEN I DROPPED IT. SAY SOMETHING!

He: WELL, YOU SEE, IT'S THIS WAY...*Last night I thoughtlessly left the car at the jeweler's to be polished and took the ring to the garage to have the carbon removed.*

This Alibi, which wins the first prize of $50.00, was submitted by

WILLIAM McK. CHAPMAN,
605 *Roseneath Road,*
Richmond, Virginia.

Five second prizes of $10.00 each have been awarded to the following:

GENEVIEVE DYER, *New York City,* for the Alibi: "It's a genuine Kohinoor. If you don't believe it, I'll show you Mr. Cohen's personal five-year guarantee."

H. J. FRANCIS, *San Jose, California,* for the Alibi: "I thought I knew my onions, but they gypped me on the carats."

WILLIAM H. NEAL, *Philadelphia, Pennsylvania,* for the Alibi: "I told you it was a diamond of the first water. I guess it got a drop too much."

E. M. SHALER, *Los Angeles, California,* for the Alibi: "The jeweler trusted me and I thought I could trust him."

T. E. STEWARD, *Minneapolis, Minnesota,* for the Alibi: "I didn't exactly say rare. I said it was one of the kind it was almost impossible to pick up."

ALIBI CONTEST

Conditions of the Contest on page 29

$100.00 Weekly in Prizes

THE barber shop, which was formerly a hangout exclusively for males, is now so generally patronized by all ages and both sexes that the editors feel sure of the universal appeal of the Alibi depicted herewith.

Every one, these days, feels at home in a barber's chair; every one, that is, except that most wretched and lowly of all God's creatures—a youth with his first mustache.

The poor lad whom you see in Leonard Holton's picture below has decided to let Nature have her way with his upper lip, and the brutal barber has commented on it in such a way that dignified silence is impossible. The youth must say something. What he says and how he says it—that's up to you.

Complete, in twenty-five words, or less, his reply; see if you can make your answers good enough to win one of the cash prizes, which are as follows:

First Prize, $50.00

Five Second Prizes of $10.00 each

ALIBI NUMBER THIRTY-SEVEN will be published in LIFE next week, with a new set of prizes offered.

Read the conditions carefully—and go to it!

ALIBI NUMBER THIRTY-SIX

Barber: TRYING TO RAISE A MUSTACHE, ARE YOU, SONNY?
Willie: WELL—ER—YOU SEE, IT'S THIS WAY...

The Scientist: THIS IS THAT VAST AND SOLEMN SAHARA DESERT—THREE THOUSAND MILES LONG AND TWO THOUSAND MILES WIDE.

The Lady from Setauket: OH, WHAT A LOVELY PLACE FOR BEACH PARTIES—IF THERE WERE ONLY SOME DRIFTWOOD!

All the French You Need to Know

(But not as the war-time phrase books had it.)

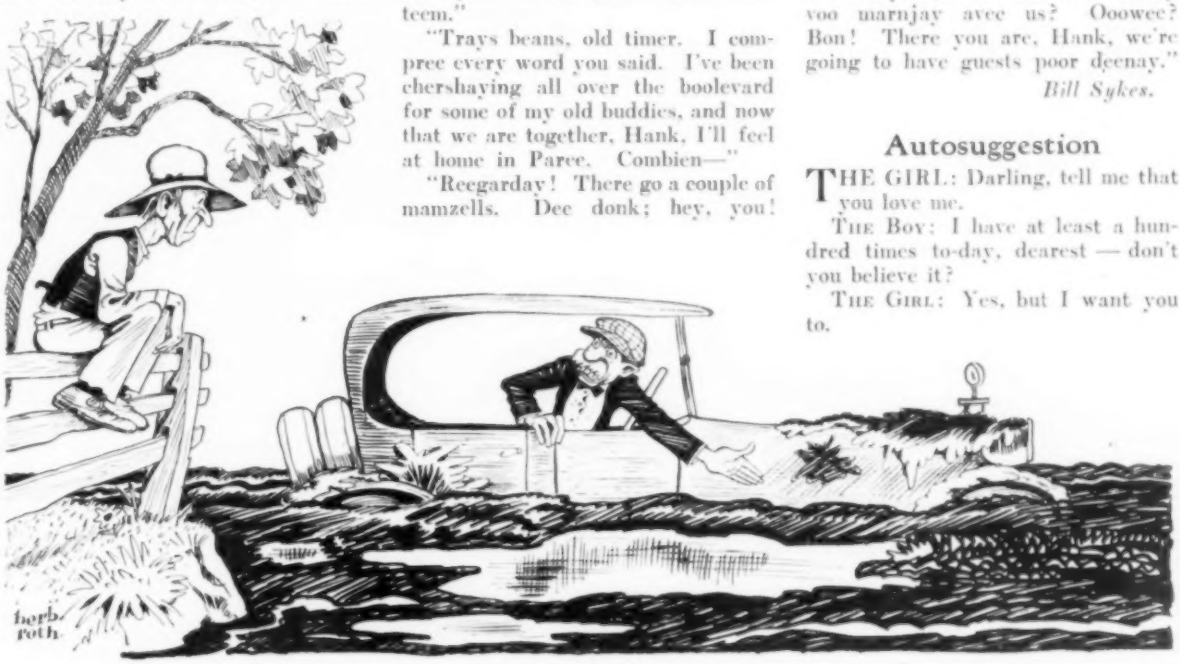
"BON jewer, you ol' son of a gun! Wee gates? Let's go over to that brassery on roo Sharl La Fect where we used to get the omelets avec seece erfs, and the pum de tairs, and the cornfitoor, and the pan and burr, and the van rouge or van blank, all for cat franc sankant sonteem."

"Trays beans, old timer. I compree every word you said. I've been chershaying all over the boolevard for some of my old buddies, and now that we are together, Hank, I'll feel at home in Paree. Combien—"

"Reegarday! There go a couple of mamzells. Dee donk; hey, you! Want to go for a little promenay avec noo?"

"They said no. You've forgotten how to do it, Hank. Watch me. Pardonay mwar, mamzells, voolay voo marnjay avec us? Ooowee? Bon! There you are, Hank, we're going to have guests poor deenay."

Bill Sykes.



Have Patience

Motorist: I THOUGHT YOU TOLD ME THERE WAS A GOOD ROAD HERE.

Native: THERE IS, BUT YOU AIN'T DOWN FAR ENOUGH YET.

Autosuggestion

THE GIRL: Darling, tell me that you love me.

THE BOY: I have at least a hundred times to-day, dearest — don't you believe it?

THE GIRL: Yes, but I want you to.

"Twelve Miles Out"

IN the play, "Twelve Miles Out," which flourished on Broadway two years ago, the hero was a swaggering, romantic bootlegger who ultimately reformed and won the heart and hand of a high-class heroine.

In the movie adapted from this play, the hero is still a swaggering, romantic bootlegger. But does he ultimately reform and win the heart and hand of the high-class heroine? He does not. Instead, he engages in a shooting match with a hi-jacker and is mortally wounded. As he dies, he murmurs to the girl, "It's swell to have known you."

This, to the best of my knowledge, is the first time in history that a movie based on a play or a novel has substituted an unhappy ending for a happy one.

Perhaps the millennium has dawned. Or perhaps some one is stealing stuff from my own superproduction, the Great American Movie. Or perhaps—and this seems the most logical conclusion—perhaps the influence of Will H. Hays is so strong that a bootlegger in the movies, even when impersonated by John Gilbert, must be made to pay with his life for his sins against God and the Anti-Saloon League.

CERTAINLY, "Twelve Miles Out" constitutes a flagrant violation of Mr. Hays's edict against any intimation on the screen that there is such a thing as infraction of the Volstead Act.

It dares to suggest that liquor is obtainable in these United States. Indeed, it goes farther than that: it even suggests that liquor is actually consumed. After such heresy, it is small wonder that the rum-running hero is bumped off ingloriously as an object lesson for the impressionable kiddies.

WHENEVER I think about Mr. Hays and his internal censorship, I seem to suffer from acute pains in the vicinity of the neck. He is doing his utmost to stamp out honest, straightforward frankness on the screen, and to substitute for it furtive, slinking deception.

If Mr. Hays were sincere in his attitude, even those who disagree with him could not seriously condemn him. But his whole policy is based on the theory that anything is all right if you can get away with it. He has been terrorized so completely by the reformers that he himself is becoming a party to their fanaticism and hypocrisy.

He countenances such sickening examples of vulgarity and bad taste as "The Callahans and the Murphys," and allows "Rain" to be filmed only on condition that all disparaging references to the clergy (in other words, all the points of this fine, true play) be removed.

TO get back to "Twelve Miles Out," after a brief display of bad temper—it is an amusing, exciting picture, extremely well played by Mr. Gilbert, Ernest Torrence and Joan Crawford, and competently directed by Jack Conway.

R. E. Sherwood.

Recent Developments

Paid to Love. A pleasantly foolish romantic comedy about a prince and a cocotte, effectively presented by a fine cast.

Rolled Stockings. Another pleasant one, with Louise Brooks and others in a collegiate setting.

The First Auto. The ancient Fords which appear in this picture are no more antiquated, no more ridiculous, than is its melodramatic plot.

The Blood Ship. Hobart Bosworth as the hero of a free-for-all slugging match on the high seas, which keeps the spectator in a pretty uncomfortable state of excitement from beginning to end.

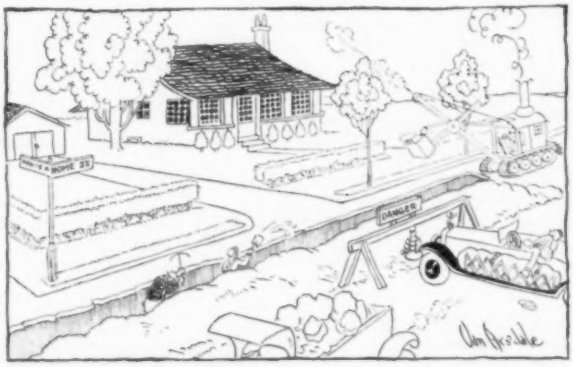
The Callahans and the Murphys. This is still the most terrible picture I've ever seen.

Ten Modern Commandments. Legs.

Old San Francisco. It isn't the U. S. Marines or the Ku Klux Klan or the French Foreign Legion that saves Dolores Costello from a fate worse than death. It's the San Francisco earthquake, no less.

Fast and Furious. Reginald Denny running true to form.

The Unknown. Lon Chaney as an armless wonder with three thumbs.



Detouring America (*The Finish*)

The Missing Link. An uneven Syd Chaplin comedy which is violently funny at times.

Resurrection. The tragedy of a trusting girl in old Russia, played and directed with power, sincerity and skill by Dolores Del Rio and Edwin Carewe.

Tillie the Toiler. Marion Davies in a celluloid comic strip.

Camille. Phony romance and phony sentiment, featuring Norma Talmadge.

The King of Kings. Cecil B. De Mille proves, in this Biblical spectacle, that he is an artist and that he is also Cecil B. De Mille.

Annie Laurie. I wonder why this hasn't been reviewed in the *American Mercury*.

Seventh Heaven; The Way of All Flesh; Stark Love; Chang; What Price Glory; Beau Geste; Slide, Kelly, Slide; Old Ironsides and **The Big Parade.** These are good pictures, too.

They *all* get that way!—

—cookoo with glee at the mere mention of Harry Langdon—the dean of drollery—the master maker of mirth!

For the country's gone Langdon wise.

No matter how hard it is for you to laugh, Harry will *make* you!

his best by far!

Produced by the
HARRY LANGDON
Corporation

First National Pictures

A First National Picture
Takes the Guesswork Out of "Going to the Movies"

Our Foolish Contemporaries

"Aut Scissors aut Nullus"

Small Stranger (to particularly unsuccessful fisherman): EXCUSE ME. JUST BEFORE YOU CATCH ONE WOULD YOU MIND SAYING "NOW"?
—*Punch (London), by permission.*

Oil to Oklahoma

REPORTS of the depressed condition of the oil industry, resulting from overproduction and low prices for crude, apparently are not exaggerated. It is related that an Oklahoma farmer staggered into the house one evening and moaned: "Mother, we're ruined! They just brought in a gusher on the back forty."—*Kansas City Star.*

Favorable Weather

MARCELLA: Haven't I always been fair to you?

WAVERLY: Perhaps, but I want you to be fair and warmer.

—*Youngstown Telegram.*

Seeking a Shore Success

"COME on, Margery! Let's have a dip."

"Oh, wait till they've finished looking at the aeroplane."—*Bystander (London).*

"NEVER go to law. If you win you lose, and if you lose you're lost!"

—*Humorist (London), from a play.*

King Canute: THIS IS A TERRIBLE COLD I'VE GOT FROM GETTING MY FEET WET YESTERDAY—I WISH I'D LET THEM THINK I COULD HAVE STOPPED THE TIDE.
—*Everybody's Weekly (London).*

Voice Outside: THE PLUMBER AND THE LAUNDRESS, SIR.
"ALL RIGHT, SLIP THEM UNDER THE DOOR."
—*Le Pêle-Mêle (Paris).*

He Got the Other Job

A CERTAIN film star was in a heated discussion with his press agent. After giving the Boswell a piece of his mind the star continued: "And, furthermore, my courage has never been questioned."

"Questioned?" replied the publicity man, who had another job in view. "Hell, it ain't ever been mentioned!"—*Brevity.*

YOUNG WOMAN (*to real-estate agent*): How many rooms? Well, I've a husband, a grand piano, a dog and asthma.—*New York Evening Post.*

Evil Communications

SHE was a young Virginia married woman, lovely, simple, devout. Her feelings had been greatly aroused by a forlorn black little waif, Angeline, whom she took in, clothed, and taught assiduously, becoming the more interested in training the pickaninny as she proved to be incredibly ignorant of everything from housework to religion. But Mrs. Barton was beginning to have hopes that her care and prayers were really having effect on this small savage.

One Sunday Angeline came in from Sunday School. She looked at her mistress speculatively. Her black eyes were full of something.

"Miss Ma-ry, what yuh think dat Mandy say?"

"Why, I don't know, Angeline. What did she say?"

"Ah was comin' 'long afteh school, an' dat Mandy she come up an' she stick her ugly face mos' into meh, so dat Ah mos' had to smack it——"

"Oh, but, Angeline, you shouldn't even think such things on the Sabbath."

"Yas'm—an' she say, 'Dey *ain'* no God.' "

"Why, Angeline," said Mrs. Barton, much shocked. "That was a wicked, wicked thing to say."

"Yas'm. She a wicked gal, dat Mandy. Yas'm."

"Wicked and silly," said the lady. Then, hopefully: "But what did you say?"

"Me, Ah ain' said nuffin' when she stick her face——"

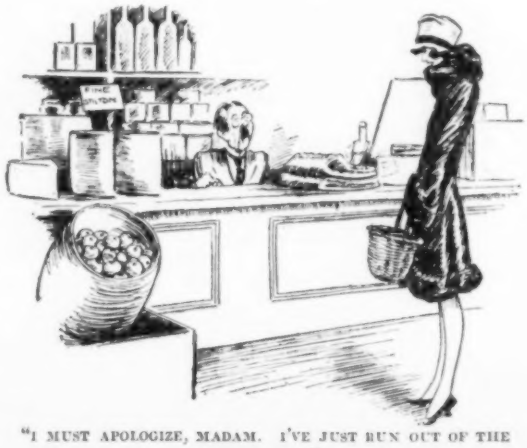
"No. I mean what did you say when Mandy said there wasn't any God?"

"Ah say,'Ah ain' ca-uh.' "

—*The Golden Book.*

To the Point

"PHYLLIS," said the young estate agent, beginning the carefully rehearsed speech. Then he stopped: not another word of it could he remember. "Er—are you still vacant?"—*Cassell's Magazine.*



"I MUST APOLOGIZE, MADAM. I'VE JUST RUN OUT OF THE GORGONZOLA."
—*Weekly Telegraph (London).*

The American Scene

AMERICANISMS, we have long been conscious, heartlessly take the color out of our immigrants. There was an affecting instance the other day in an Eighth Avenue excavation where two Italian laborers were wrangling. We thought it quite picturesque, but on close approach, observed that on their heads they wore the novelty caps so common at Coney Island. One of them bore the legend, "Where did you get those pretty blue eyes?" and the other read, "Kiss me, dearie, I'm lonely."—*New Yorker.*

Nothing better for sluggish appetite than Abbott's Bitters. Sample by mail, 25 cts. C. W. Abbott & Co., Baltimore, Md.

Escape

THE ANGLER (*who has buttonholed an acquaintance*): My boy, you never saw such a fish in your life. But, curse him! He got away from me.

THE OTHER (*hopefully*): Did he? How?—*Punch.*

A YOUNG man in Chicago was treed by a bear. The story will come as a surprise to those who didn't know there were any trees in Chicago.

—*Detroit News.*

Smith: HALLO, OLD MAN, WHAT'S THE MATTER?

Heavily Bandaged One: WELL, I LOOKED IN TO SEE IF MY BEES WERE ALIVE.

Smith: AND WERE THEY?

—*Gaiety (London).*

Just a Semi-Pro

A RATHER amusing incident happened in Jack Sharkey's dressing room after the bout with Dempsey. The big, good-looking Boston youngster was sitting on the edge of his rubbing table surrounded by such of the curious as had been able to get past the guarded door.

The mist of bitter disappointment was in the former sailor's slate-gray eyes.

"They didn't give me a square deal," he said. "The punch that hurt me was foul."

"Yes, I can see plainly that you were fouled," said one of the closer spectators importantly.

"Are you a doctor?" eagerly inquired one of Sharkey's handlers. Here was a chance for favorable expert testimony.

"Well, no," admitted the spectator. "No, I'm not exactly a doctor. In fact, I'm not a doctor at all."

—*New York Evening Post.*

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

Many-Sided

"Is Abe very versatile?"

"Aye—he's as versatile as a drug clerk!"—*Toronto Goblin.*

LIFE is published every Thursday, simultaneously in the United States, Great Britain, Canada and British Possessions. Title registered in U. S. Patent Office. $5.00 a year in advance. Additional postage to foreign countries in the Postal Union, $1.60 a year; to Canada, 80 cents. Back numbers cannot be supplied.

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Coming—

AMERICAN LEGION NUMBER—

celebrating the excursion of the Second A. E. F. to Paris—with a Rinky-Dinky-Parley-Voo. . . . The cover is by *RUSSELL PATTERSON.*

FEMININE NUMBER—

a delicate tribute to our most popular sex, adorned with a sparkling cover by *JOHN HELD, JR.*

RADIO NUMBER—

a snappy program of humor and jazz from America's foremost entertainers, with a cover by *LEONARD HOLTON.*

Other covers coming by *GARRETT PRICE, JOHN LAGATTA, McCLELLAND BARCLAY, F. G. COOPER* and others.

read **Life** regularly EVERY week!

ESTABLISHED 1818

Brooks Brothers,

CLOTHING,

Gentlemen's Furnishing Goods,

MADISON AVENUE COR. FORTY-FOURTH STREET, N. Y.

Clothes & Accessories for the Traveller

Send for BROOKS'S *Miscellany*

BOSTON — LITTLE BUILDING, TREMONT COR. BOYLSTON

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THE YOUNGER CROWD HAS PRESERVED ONE TRADITION!

NOTHING gratifies us more than to point out that Fatimas are an outstanding favorite with today's younger set—rounding out the prestige of a blend famous for quality since 1903.

FATIMA

QUALITY, yes—twenty-four years of it!

LIGGETT & MYERS TOBACCO CO.

STOPS

SEA SICKNESS

—in the roughest waters. This appalling nausea is unnecessary suffering. Mothersill's prevents Travel Sickness on your journeys by Sea, Train, Auto, Car or Air. 31

75c. & $1.50 at Drug Stores or direct
The Mothersill Remedy Co., Ltd.
New York Montreal
Paris London

MOTHERSILL'S SEASICK REMEDY

25 Years In Use

FOR MEN OF BRAINS
Cortez CIGARS
—MADE AT KEY WEST—

Fame Without Honor

Lord Roberts once found himself among new friends in a London club. There was a very tall man present, who, evidently believing himself to shine as a wit, seized every opportunity of raising a laugh at other people's expense.

On being introduced to Lord Roberts, the wit bent down patronizingly to his lordship and remarked: "I have often heard of you, but"—shading his eyes with one hand, as though the famous general, being so small, could be seen with difficulty—"I have never seen you."

To this Lord Roberts promptly replied: "I have often seen you, sir, but I have never heard of you."

—*American Mutual Magazine.*

Respite

Mrs. Thomas: The landlord says if the rent isn't paid by Saturday—out we go.

Thomas: Fine! That gives us nothing to worry about for five days.

—*Answers (London).*

The Radio Announcer

Valued servant, he knows howski
People should pronounce Tschaikowsky,
Ponders deeply, forehead moppin',
On some words to say of Chopin,
Or explains to us the theme
Of the lovely "La Bohême."
Though he may miss out on "Thaïs"
His dispatch deserves our praise.

—*Parke Cumming, in The Forum.*

Celebrating

"My dear," said the old man tenderly, "to-day is our diamond wedding, and I have a little surprise for you!"

"Yes?" said the silver-haired wife.

He took her hand in his. "You see this engagement ring I gave you seventy-six years ago?"

"Yes?" said the expectant old lady.

"Well, I paid the final installment on it to-day, and I am proud to announce that it is now altogether yours!"

—*Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.*

Correct

Examiner: What would you do if you saw the woman driving a car in front of you put out her hand?

Applicant for License: Slam on the brakes.—*New Orleans Times-Picayune.*

He's the Lucky One

4 Others Pay Pyorrhea's Price

He Sees His Dentist, Often

How foolhardy it is to risk health, when just a little care will safeguard you against the attack of dread Pyorrhea and troubles that begin with neglected teeth and gums.

Be on the safe side. Have your dentist examine teeth and gums at least twice a year. Start using Forhan's for the Gums, today!

Receiving toll from 4 out of 5 after 40 (thousands younger), Pyorrhea ravages health. Its poison sweeps through the system often causing many serious ailments.

If used regularly and in time, Forhan's prevents Pyorrhea or checks its course. It firms gums. It makes teeth white and protects them against acids which cause decay.

See your dentist every six months. Start using Forhan's for the Gums, morning and night. Teach your children this good habit. Get a tube, today . . . All druggists, 35c and 60c.

Formula of R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.
Forhan Company, New York

Forhan's *for the gums*

More Than a Tooth Paste . . . . It Checks Pyorrhea

Conditions of the Great Alibi Contest

(*Please turn to page 22 for other information.*)

EACH week we will publish a different picture in the ALIBI CONTEST—the picture this week being marked "ALIBI NUMBER THIRTY-SIX."

The first prize of $50.00 will be awarded each week to the contestant who, in the opinion of the Judges, furnishes the cleverest and most ingenious conclusion to the sentence which starts, "Well, you see, it's this way...." Five second prizes of $10.00 each will be awarded to the runners-up.

Answers must not exceed twenty-five words in length; this word limit, however, is not intended to include the captions under the Contest pictures as originally published in LIFE.

There is no limit to the number of answers to each Contest picture that any one contestant may submit. Nor is it necessary for a contestant to submit answers to more than one of the Contest pictures to be eligible for a prize.

The Judges will be three of the Editors of LIFE. In the event of a tie, the full amount of the prize will be awarded to each of the tying contestants.

Answers should be typewritten or clearly written on one side of the paper. Every single sheet of manuscript submitted must be plainly marked with the contestant's name and address. The Judges cannot undertake to return any of the manuscripts submitted in this Contest.

Answers to ALIBI NUMBER THIRTY-SIX should be so marked, and sent to ALIBI CONTEST EDITOR, LIFE, 598 Madison Avenue, New York City. All answers to ALIBI NUMBER THIRTY-SIX must reach LIFE's office before noon on September 1, 1927. Announcement of the winners will be made in the issue of September 22, 1927.

The Contest is open to all and is not limited to subscribers to LIFE. Members of LIFE's staff, and their families, are barred from competition in the Contest.

Beginning Early

MILTON, aged seven, was fishing with his father. Evidently he had on former occasions been impressed with some of the angling yarns told by his parent, for, when returning home empty-handed, he said: "Say, dad, how many fish shall we tell mother got away?"

—*Chicago Tribune.*

MUSSOLINI says that his successor has not yet been born. We presume he is afraid to be.—*Punch.*

BLINDFOLDED your skin Feels the difference

BEFORE your razor goes over your face . . . while it's going over . . . after the shave is over . . . INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM gives you a cool comfort that puts it over any kind you have ever used. INGRAM'S is lather and lotion in one.

Any one can make claims. INGRAM'S makes *converts.* Nearly a million men enjoyed cool shaves with INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM in 1926. Every day more men are finding out about it. So that you, too, can find out . . .

Just do this

Write us for your 7 FREE cool shaves. Lather one side of your face with your *usual* shaving preparation . . . the other side with the *unusual* . . . INGRAM'S. Instantly . . . before your razor touches your skin you *feel* the difference.

Razor wounds that don't bleed hurt most. Skin scratches you don't see but *do* feel . . . yield to the cooling, soothing lather of INGRAM'S SHAVING CREAM. There is nothing else like it.

187,776 jars in 1925
619,512 jars in 1926
Going even better now

Write us today for your 7 FREE cool shaves. Your skin will thank you. Or to save yourself time—ask your nearest druggist for 120 of these cool INGRAM shaves. The jar only costs fifty cents.

Ingram's Shaving Cream

COOLS *and* SOOTHES *as you shave*

Frederick F. Ingram Co.—Est. 1885 38 Tenth St., Detroit, Mich. — also Windsor, Canada

Why are men turning to "The Better Shave?"

THERE must be something unusual about a shaving cream that makes thousands adopt it and tell others, when it's been in drug stores only a few months. There *is* something unusual about Fougère Royale Shaving Cream; that's why it's called "the better shave".

This cream takes the irritation and annoyance out of shaving. It is soothing to tender faces. It makes a copious, quick lather, and eliminates razor-pull and scraping. It gives you an easy, satisfying shave. Fougère Royale has the invigorating odor of the Royal Fern. Get it at your druggist's or send the coupon below for a trial tube.

Fougère Royale AFTER-SHAVING *Lotion is a boon to tender faces, soothing and restoring moisture to the skin. It is new but most good druggists have it—75c.*

Fougère Royale Shaving Cream

Pronounced Foo-Zhaire Royal

Shaving Cream, 50c; After-Shaving Lotion, 75c; Shaving Stick, 75c; Talcum, $1.00; Eau Vegetale, $1.25; Facial Soap, 50c.

HOUBIGANT, Inc., Dept. L-13
539 West 45th St., New York City

I want to try Fougère Royale Shaving Cream. You may send me a trial tube—no charge.

Name .....

Address .....

.....

LIFE'S Camps for Needy Children

(*Continued from page* 20)

give them a sympathy and understanding otherwise almost unknown to them.

A record of each child is kept, and we are in touch with our boys and girls throughout the year by means of various betterment organizations. We do not, after they have been with us for a while, cast them adrift again in that labyrinth of alleys and black hallways and odorous, toppling houses, without a thought of their future.

Better citizenship is aimed at, and Old Glory flies over both Camps—a symbol of burning devotion.

At the Camps, sportsmanship is introduced to little people used to "winning" *by any means whatever.*

Honesty is insisted upon, and rewards given for high standards of all kinds.

Swimming, diving, hiking, woodcraft, hay-making, races—these are a few of the revelations that the Camps hold.

Timid waifs turn into Indians and Scouts and prowl around on important business.

Bands flourish, and the wild harmonica and the human voice at its shrillest fill the Camps with music.

"Stunt Nights" disclose talents of amazing variety.

Both the Camps are deep in the green, cool country.

The reader knows the other side of this picture: the forest of ugly, unsanitary buildings. The games under the very wheels of immense trucks, the general struggle for survival.

Summer adds ten—no, twenty degrees to the thermometer when it strikes the slums. Children wilt—babies perish—the whole world sways in terror down there.

We *must* take some more boys and girls to the country this year, mustn't we? Another party or two. Down to the Camps for eighteen happy days!

Eighteen days cost, approximately, $20 for each child. If you *can,* please send more. If you can't, please send less and we shall be unutterably grateful. Checks should be drawn to LIFE'S Fresh Air Fund, 598 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. All contributions are acknowledged in LIFE about three weeks after receipt, and also by letter immediately if the sender's address is given.

Now—how about *that one reader?* Has he seen this page? And is he

(*Continued on page* 32)

OF INTEREST TO
TRAVELERS
HERE AND ABROAD

B. Altman & Company, New York, one of the world's finest department stores.

"BETTER THAN GOLD *for* TRAVEL" *says* B. ALTMAN & CO.

"We find A·B·A *Certified* Cheques the ideal form of travel money for our traveling representatives.

"They are better than gold for travel. They are convertible into cash anywhere, yet they afford complete protection against loss or theft."

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A·B·A Cheques are the official travelers cheques of the American Bankers Association. They are widely used by experienced travelers and are obtainable at more than 11,000 banks.

They are the only *certified* travel cheques enjoying universal acceptance.

FREE: *When you buy A·B·A Cheques for use abroad, your bank will give you a complimentary copy of Harry Franck's "All About Going Abroad," sold in bookstores for $1.00.*

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Travel Money

These cheques are certified by BANKERS TRUST COMPANY, NEW YORK, Agent for the issuing banks, and are the only authorized travel cheques of the American Bankers Association

Mrs. Pep's Diary

(*Continued from page* 13)

subject of prize-fighting, an institution in which I do not see how persons of intelligence can have any interest or faith soever, with all the rumours of its crookedness, and the referee's disinclination or inability to tell a foul blow when he sees one. Home early and to bed, reading in a new book by Basil Woon called "The Frantic Atlantic," and it did set me a-longing to go to Europe, even the chapters on tipping and seasickness being full of lure.

July 28th Up betimes, and out for a morning stroll, and on the road I did overtake the oldest man that ever I saw in my life, bending low on his stick and flaunting a long white beard, so, remembering Mistress Lewis's casual discovery of Trader Horn, I was tempted for a moment to engage him in conversation in the hope that he might be another Ancient Mariner, or something, but I did not, which was just as well, too, for I did learn later in the village who he was, and that the extent of his literary activity and possibilities is the daily perusal of all the circular mail which is cast into the postoffice wastebasket. To a shop called Sherry's, to see if the day's grist of popcorn had been started, but it had not, and I could not but think how wonderful it would be if our own Sherry's, which is but a square from our house, had a popcorn wagon in its foyer, albeit I admit that the idea is a bit incongruous. To M.'s for luncheon, and she did tell how, wanting some cigars for a small dinner she gave recently and finding that the local tobacco man had fine ones only in boxes of one hundred, she had arranged with him to rent a box and return it the following day, paying only for what her guests had consumed, thereby gaining the maximum effect with the minimum of responsibility. A great company for dinner, after which I did lose sixteen dollars at cards through bad fortune and lack of surety as to what I was about, and so to bed, meaning to go on with "Pendennis," which I have been reading all my life and never finished, but unfortunately I did pick up "The Murder of Roger Ackroyd" instead, and my light was not turned out till near dawn.

Baird Leonard.

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS

When you upset your coffee on your hostess' best tablecloth . . . *be nonchalant* . . . light a

MURAD CIGARETTE

MURAD

For those who feel entitled to life's better things

© 1927, P. Lorillard Co., Est. 1760

The Golden Age

(An American lady now visiting this country celebrated her last birthday with a cake and the ninety-five candles to which her years entitled her.)

Lady of this brilliant feast,
May your candles be increased!
May they in their waxing wealth
Typify still radiant health,
Showing Age, when they are lit,
How the brave make light of it!

—*W. K. H., in Punch.*

CORNS

For quick, safe relief from painful corns or tender toes and pressure of tight shoes

Dr Scholl's Zino-pads

At drug and shoe stores everywhere

RED, ROUGH SKIN

is ugly and annoying—make *your* skin soft, white, lovely, by using

Resinol

Golfers and "Would-be's"!

NEW! Indoor Golf Dice!

HERE'S a new game! Indoor Golf played with two beautiful transparent Dice. Packed with hilarious fun. If rain interrupts your play on the links, finish on the club-house porch in midst of a cheering gallery!

One dice indicates strokes, the other position of ball after each stroke. Golfers say, "More kick and fun than with the real game"!

Be the first one in your neighborhood to secure this novelty. Be the envied one! The Biggest Little package of real Sport that has bobbed its graceful head above Life's waves. Price one dollar. Send money order or dollar bill.

Send $1.00 at once to

BETTER SPORT GAMES

BOX 379 RIDGEWOOD, N. J.

Really see America

Travel Around and Across North America—One way water, by Panama Pacific Line—One way rail with choice of route. Round trips from your home town.

REDUCED SUMMER RATES

Visit the gay, sparkling city of Havana.

See the marvels of the Panama Canal.

Spend 15 happy, carefree days on a great ocean liner en route to or from

California

Return home with stop-overs at principal points of interest.

Round trips from $350 (up) including First Class meals and berth on ship and fare across the Continent.

One way, water—New York—California $250 (up) First Class.

Lower fares in Tourist and 2nd Cabins.

Let us send you literature describing this wonderful trip. Address Desk C, No. 1 Broadway, New York City, or see your local steamship or railroad agent.

Ready for service early 1928. The new *S. S. California*, largest American-built liner.

Panama Pacific Line

INTERNATIONAL MERCANTILE MARINE COMPANY

Most Smiles Per Dollar

Your happy face will smile right back at you when you begin to shave with Barbasol. No brush. No rub-in. No after-smart. Try Barbasol—3 times—according to directions.

Barbasol

For Modern Shaving

The Barbasol Company
Indianapolis, Ind.

I enclose 10c. Please send trial tube.

Name .....

Address .....

L-M-8-18-27

Life's Camps for Needy Children

(*Continued from page 30*)

going to do something about it? Please, *please* do something—in the name of pity, for these friendless youngsters who look to the Camps as to a taste of paradise.

L. A. F.

Life's Fresh Air Fund has been in operation for the past forty years. In that time it has expended $385,648.79 and has given a happy holiday in the country to 50,071 poor city children.

Twenty dollars, approximately, pays for such a holiday for some poor child from the crowded, hot city. Won't you help?

Contributions, which are acknowledged in Life about three weeks after their receipt, should be made payable to Life's Fresh Air Fund, and sent to 598 Madison Avenue, New York.

Previously acknowledged	$16,607.36
F. A. Merrill, Boston	5.00
Mrs. Henry M. Chase, Brookline, Mass.	10.00
Carol R. Dudley, Camden, Me.	5.00
E. Davids, Southwest Harbor, Me.	10.00
Marion S. Kuhn, Pittsburgh	5.00
Mrs. G. E. Knable, Pittsburgh	5.00
Geo. D. Blair, New Castle, Pa.	20.00
Franklin H. Hutchins, Boston	20.00
James A. Hutchinson, Boston	15.00
Mrs. Edward A. Taft, Boston	10.00
Frederick L. Holman, Merchantville, N. J.	10.00
Merritt J. Corbett, New York	25.00
Cash, Petersham, Mass.	2.00
In memory of J. H. Mahuken, Bayonne, N. J.	25.00
Elizabeth, Katherine and Anne Swift, Whitinsville, Mass.	10.00
Mrs. John C. Spring, West Gloucester, Mass.	25.00
Robert H. Canfield, Corning, N. Y.	10.00
C. Douglas Crooks, Philadelphia	20.00
Elizabeth B. Haight, Saratoga Springs, N. Y.	15.00
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Miss E. D. Brower, Brooklyn	5.00
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Mrs. Robert G. Clarke, New York	10.00
J. L. Luckenbach, Locust Valley, N. Y.	15.00
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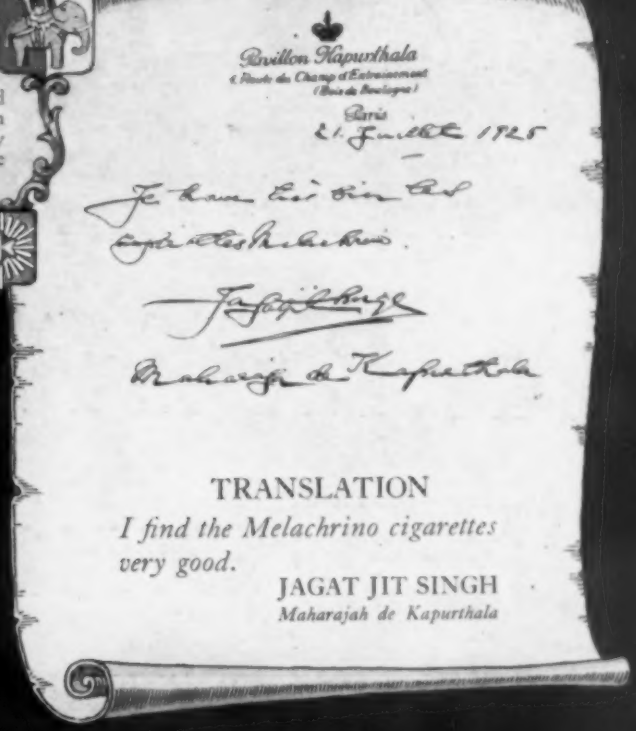

TRANSLATION

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30¢ *the packet of* 20
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